THE PROLOGUE TO

Mr. LACY's *New Play*, Sir HERCULES BUFFOON *or the* Poetical Esquire.

Written by *THO. DURFEY*, Gent.

Spoken by Mr. HAYNES.

YE Scribling Fops, (cry mercy if I wrong ye)
But without doubt, there be muſt ſome among ye
Know, that fam'd *Lacy*, Ornament o'th' Stage,
That Standard of true Comedy in our Age;
Wrote this new Play,
And if it takes not, all that we can ſay on't,
Is we have his Fiddle, not his Hands to play on't:
Againſt our Intereſt, he to do you right,
Your Foes, the Poets, has abus'd to night;
And made us like rude Birds our Neſt Beſh—te.
We know,
If you would Write us Plays, they'd loſe their ends,
Kind Parties ſtill would make your pains amends;
For there's no Fop but has a world of friends:
Who will like *City-Whiggs* help one another,
And every noiſie Fool cry up his Brother:
No more then rack for *Prologue* or for Song,
Such Triſles, to dull Quality belong;
Nor Lampoon Ladies, that your Virtues truſt,
That Bask in the hot Malls Pulvillio duſt;
Whoſe low hung Fringes, with Attractive Arts,
Sweep heaps of ſtraws, 'mongſt Crowds of Lovers Hearts;

Subjects

Subjects like these will never get you Fame,
Nor can you Write, if this be all your Aim;
More than a Rogue can Sing that sets a Psalm.
But if like Wits you would the Town oblige,
Write a good Comedy on some fam'd Siege,
But not in Rhime, and if to please you mean,
Let *Luxemberg* be taken the first Scene;
Yet, now I think on't, choose another story,
Some Sparks that late went o'te to hunt for Glory;
Have spoyl'd that jest, and ta'ne the Town before ye:
No wonder too, for who could stand their Rage,
Since they with *Conningsmark* broad-Swords Ingage;
I fancy you'l turn Butchers the next Age:
For these new Weapons look that guard your Lives,
Like bloody *Cozen Germans* to their Knives:
I'le put a question t'ee, pray does the Writer
As times go, get most Credit, or the Fighter?
Wit is aplauded when with fancy dress't,
But to be knockt o'th' head's a curst jest;
A fate in which your forward Fool miscarries,
No, 'tis much better, to ly sick at *Paris*;
Where we can Write, what the *French* King intends,
And storm a Town, in Letters to our Friends.
Another Inconvenience we must own,
There's many a Fool is by a Bullet known,
That once pass't for a Wit of high renown.
The proof of sence, lyes hid in safety, here;
But when the Scull is broke the Brains appear.
Ah Sirs! if you to the rough Wars should follow,
How many Pates like mine would be found hollow;
Faith then take my Advice, stick to *Apollo*.
Write, and be studious in Dramatick Rules,
For should our Poets sound your shallow Sculls,
You were undone for Wits, and we for Fools.

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